

Why He Left the Old Peedee.

"How I kin to leave de ol' Peedee, mah?" said Uncle Pinetop. "Pussation, dat's how. Cullud man hain't got no show down dah no mo', not if he tain't de troof. Cullud man tain't got de troof he done git pussicated pow'ful hand, sah. Pow'ful hand. I tain't yo' how hit wuz wiv me, sah."

"Rain hit bean drappin' down plumb fo' five, six days. Um-m-m-um! Peas like I nevah see de rain drap no despritt! De ol' Peedee she jes' natchly riz up an' howl, an' swish, an' show she teef, till I mighty skeert."

"Jicketty!" I say. "If ol' Uncle Noah jes' quit playin' on he hahp up you, an' come down hyah agin an' build he ank, he done git nuddah job jes' like tuddah one, shu's he bo'n!"

"Bimeby de ol' Peedee done git so monst'us high I jes' shet myself in my cabin, sah, an' sing 'Roll, Jurd'n, roll, jes' to let de good Lo'd know I tinkin' 'bout Him an' Jurd'n mo'n I t'inkin' 'bout co'n pone an' de ol' Peedee, kase hit 'peas like if de ol' Peedee keep a littin' an' littin' hit done gwan sen me 'cross Jurd'n, sah! Two days I shet myself in de cabin den de rain hit stop drappin' an' 'peas like Jurd'n's stawmy banks dey hain't quite so high, an' I stop singin'. Den bimeby somebody he bang, bang at de do'."

"Jicketty!" I say. "Guess de Lo'd He mad kase I done quit singin', an' come to see 'bout hit! Dat yo', Lo'd?" I say. "I hain't quit singin', I jes' restin'!" I say.

"Den I tune up 'Roll, Jurd'n, roll, agin, but somebody he bang, bang at de do' some mo'."

"Jicketty!" I say. "Guess de ol' devil he mad kase I done sing dat hymn tune, an' come to see 'bout hit! Dat yo', Mahs Devil?" I say. "I jes' sing dat hymn tune kase I hain't got my fiddle hyah to scrape some o' yo' tunes on, sah!" I say.

"Den I sing, 'Did yo' evuh see de devil, wiv he iron wooden shovel, a diggin' up de gravel, wiv he night cap on,' but somebody he bang, bang at de do' some mo'. Den I git mad."

"Who dat knockin' at de do'?" I hollah. "Somebody he don't say nuffin'. Den I

TYPICAL.



MURPHY (in Philadelphia for the first time)—Bogorra, I always heard they wuz slow here, but divil a bit did I know they advertised their plays a wake behind toime.

poke my head out de window. De ol' Peedee mos' lappin' my cabin do', an' dah stan' a monst'us big black bah, bangin' an' bangin'."

"Hay, bah!" I say. "Waffo' yo' bangin' my do'? G'way tum hyuh, sah! I git my ol' gun!"

"Bah he jes' whine, an' motion he want in, an' I see he bean mighty nigh done drown'd, an' he shivvah like an ol' coon dog 'arly in de mo'nin'."

"Ho! ho!" I say. "Sah! I leave yo' in, an' den w'at? Yo' jes' natchly snatch me bah-headed, like yo' fo' faddus done do to de children o' Israh, time dey sass ol' Bruddah Lijy!"

"Bah he shake he head 'No! no! no!' an' cross he breast free times he wont snatch me. Den I know he take his solemn oaf he wont, an' I done leave him in. Dat bah stay wiv me free days, den de ol' Peedee she shrink back wahh she belong, an' de bah he go, showin' all de time he monst'us t'ankful kase I done save he life, sah! shu'."

"My co'n crop hit fall dat yeah, an' my pig he die, an' I don't know how I done gwan Wintah froo. Bimeby I nigh crossin' ol' Jurd'n agin, kase I pow'ful hungry, an' hain't got nuffin' to eat. I shet myself in my cabin an' one night I say:

"Guess I be pickin' on a hahp 'fo' many days," I say. "Don't 'spec' I kin play hit like I kin de fiddle," I says.

"Den somebody, bang, bang at de do'. I open de do'. Dah wuz de ol' black bah. He jes' bow mighty politt, sah, an' den 'way he go. I look down. Dah wuz a nice fat side o' po'k an' a bag o' co'n meal, sah! Dat ol' bah he fotch 'em, an' save my life kase I save his'n!"

"Nex' mo'nin' I jes' cuttin' up dat po'k, an' somebody bang, bang at de do', an' walk squah in. Hit wuz Cunnel Spud, w'at live on he plantation two miles down de ol' Peedee."

"Whah yo' git my po'k?" he hollah. "Whah yo' git my co'n?"

"I jes' up an' tol' him de gospel troof, sah, jes' like I tellin' yo' now, sah, an' he shake he fist an' swah pow'ful hahd an' say he git de constable an' come back an' git de bah w'at done stole he po'k an' co'n. Den I see I wuz houn' to be pussicated, sah, an' I jes' didn't stay on de ol' Peedee nuddah minute. Cullud man hain't got no show down dah no mo', not if he tain't de troof, sah!"

His Last Hour.

"Do not go!" she implored. "For pity's sake do not go!"

"I must!" he answered. The woman's face and attitude expressed agonized entreaty; the man's stern determination.

"Oh, my husband!" she sobbed, "do not leave me thus. Pause while there is time, and give up your terrible resolve. Robert, Robert, you cannot be so cruel! You know that if you go, it must mean certain death. Look at me," she commanded, drawing herself up to her full height. "Have I grown so old or so ugly that you can endure the sight of me no more?"

The husband clasped the graceful figure in his arms and gazed upon the fair young face.

"You know, darling," he murmured, "how madly I love you. You know that it breaks my heart to leave you and embark upon this perilous mission. But it has to be, and you must not try to dissuade me from my duty. My mind is made up."

The resolute tones of his voice and the grim determination in his countenance filled the wife's heart with despair. But she made a last effort.

"Robert," she cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "if the thought of my misery cannot move you, think of your children—of your two lovely boys. With you at hand to guide them in their youth they might have grown up to make a name in the world and to solace your old age. But now—her tears flowed afresh—"what will become of them if, at this early age, they are left without a father? What will become of me if I am suddenly left a widow?"

"For heaven's sake!" entreated the husband in a husky voice, "do not torture me like this. I cannot stand it."

"Ah, you relent, you relent! You must relent! You cannot persist in this horrible design. It is madness—it is suicide. You know as well as I do that as surely as you set out upon this mission so surely will you return a corpse."

"I know it," he replied—"none better. But, darling, you would not have it said that your husband was a coward and fled from

danger. Perhaps," he added, in a vain attempt to comfort her, "perhaps, after all, we exaggerate the peril. There may still be a chance for me to escape with my life."

Nevertheless, as he embraced his wife once more he felt in his heart that it would be for the last time.

Leaving the house, he walked briskly up the street.

It was a beautiful morning, crisp and cold, and the young lawyer thought that never before had existence seemed more desirable. And to think that within one short hour his lifeless body would be—but with an effort he thrust aside the dreadful vision.

Having by this time reached the corner of Broadway and

Twenty-third street, he stood for a moment and took a last look at Madison square.

"Good-by," he said, with a shaking voice, as he thought once more of his wife and children; "it's hard to die, just as one is beginning to enjoy life."

Then he gritted his teeth, and with the firm step of a condemned man walking to the scaffold crossed the street and boarded the cable car.

His Fate.

"Tell me what my baby's lot in life will be!" pleaded the fond young mother, crossing the gypsy's palm with silver. "He is so different from other babies, don't you know, that I—"

"All babies are different from other babies, my dear," replied the soothsayer, who was as befitted one who could read the secrets of the stars with the facility with which the average man discerns his own fitness for holding office—dead onto the frailties and foibles of human nature in general, and of dotting mamas in particular. "But he will outgrow that in time."

"But he really is different," persisted the young mother earnestly. "Although he talks almost incessantly, and his language sounds exactly as if it ought to be intelligible, I am utterly unable to understand one word he says. Then his head is extraordinarily large for a child of his age, and he often suffers from severe pains in it. He is bold and self-possessed in the extreme, and is abashed at nothing that frequently affects children, but, on the other hand, he often wakes in the dead of night shrieking with the fear of terrors of his own dreaming. And during his waking hours he is never satisfied with what is given him, but cries for the sun or the moon and other impossible things."

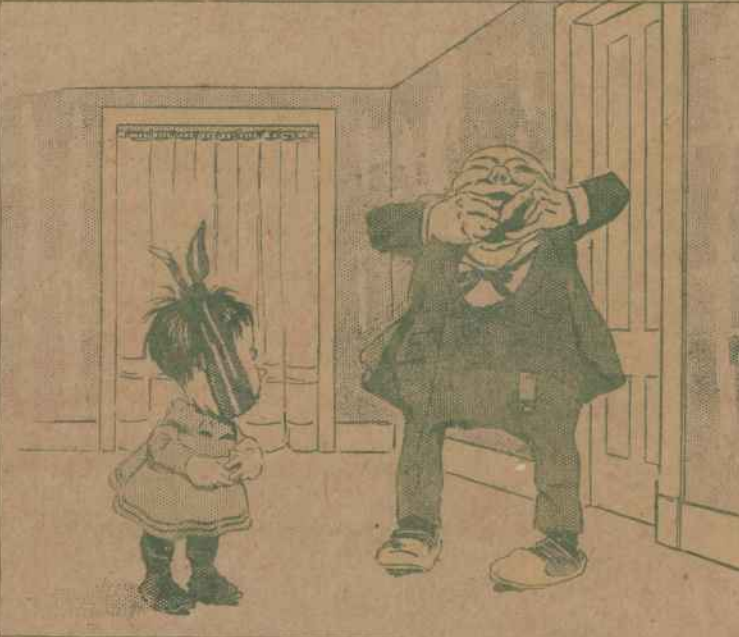
"My poor dear!" returned the gypsy, handing back the silver, while the tears ran down her withered cheeks like rain. "It is entirely unprecedented, but I cannot keep your money while I prognosticate ill fortune for you. Try to bear the blow bravely. Your baby will grow up to be a Populist! There is no help for it!"

JAKE—Hain't I better leave?
CORA—No; I heard papa tell mamma a week ago that his foot was asleep.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DENTIST.



What! A big boy like you afraid to have it pulled? Here! I'll show you how. Just take this string.



tie one end around the tooth and the other around the doorknob, like this,



and the first person that opens the door



will—Gee-ee-ee-ee!



The Horrors of Heart Disease.

He is a chronic complainer, is old Uncle Abednego; also an amateur hypochondriac. His health is his god, and never was a god more faithfully worshipped. He came home one night last Winter convinced that he had acquired pneumonia, and was a winning candidate for a bright immortality, but the heavenly prospect did not appear to please him, as evinced by his loud lamentations. Aunt Amy, his wife, and a wholesome, cheerful body, had had too much experience, however, with his acute attacks of divers deadly diseases—very acute, for they always disappear before morning—to be seriously alarmed. So she placidly compounded a strong mustard plaster, and, getting him to bed, applied it to his chest. After grumbling himself tired, Uncle Abednego fell asleep, and his wife followed suit, convinced that the crisis of the trouble had been passed.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Uncle Abednego, waking his wife in the early morning. "What is it now?" demanded Aunt Amy, somewhat impatiently because of her disturbed slumbers.

"My heart, my heart!" gasped Uncle Abednego.

"Have you lost it?" asked Aunt Amy sleepily.

"I've always known that heart disease would kill me, in spite of what that fool doctor says," continued Uncle Abednego bitterly. "Oh, I'm dying! I know I'm dying!"

"What can I do for you, Abby dear?" asked Aunt Amy, prepared for anything from getting him a drink to going for the doctor and minister.

"Nothing. I'm beyond human help," replied Uncle Abednego with many groans and ejaculations. "All you can do is to watch me pass away in this frightful Oh, my heart! A hundred knives are piercing at it, a thousand pangs are piercing a million flames are consuming it! I find my will in my desk, and mind, you get nothing if you marry again. Oh, oh, how it burns and scorches! Thank heaven I'm prepared, and don't forget I've paid the pew rent yesterday, and Deacon Dought promised to mail the receipt last night. Ugh! ugh! I'm on fire! I'm a holocaust! I'm a conflagration!"

Aunt Amy began to laugh as a dawning idea of the real trouble rose in her mind.

"Laugh, woman!" shouted Uncle Abednego, clapping at the bed clothes in an ecstasy of fear, pain and rage. "Laugh, false female, at the mortal agonies of him you pretended to love! Laugh, fiend, not female, laugh and gloat safely, for in one moment I shall be dead, and no one can bear witness to the tortures you have added to the lurid pangs of dissolution. Oh, my heart, my heart! How it burns and consumes within me! The unquenchable fire, the—"

"Tut, tut, Abby!" remonstrated Aunt Amy, checking her mirth. "I laughed because I know what's wrong. That mustard plaster has slipped down over your heart."

An immediate investigation proving the correctness of this theory, Uncle Abednego now takes it as an insult to be asked the symptoms of heart disease.

A Letter from Yuba Joe.

One day when Yuba Joe was carelessly glancing over a newspaper his eyes suddenly lighted on a short article which seemed to interest him greatly, and after reading it several times and pondering over it a while he hunted up pencil and paper and wrote the following letter to the President of the United States.

"dere mr. President: I see by a Denver paper that a feller called Injun Bill ar in yer Senate at Washington, an' as I know him well I write this to put yer on yer guard agin him. How he got thar I dunno, fur we heard he was in jale at frisco, but don't ye trust him nor begin lendin' him terbacker cause he never pays it back. If ye've got any good lickin' in the white house cellar ye'd better look arter it mighty clus, fur Bill kin smell the stuff a mile off and kin drink a gallon afore puttin' the jug down to breathe. "Lock yerself in yer bedroom, mr. president, when the critter gets drunk, fur then he's liable to tackle ye all together on the slightest excuse, and kin easily lick the hull Senate with one hand tied behind him. Also warn the Chinese ministers to keep out o' Bill's way, as he's down on thar kind and shoots at 'em on sight. If ye keer to live don't veto any laws he goes in fur, and cashun the congressmen agin refusin' to drink with him, fur Injun Bill ar a mighty tech galoot on that pint."

"That's about all, sur, only please don't menshun this letter to him, as I've a large family to feed and wantier die with bates off. I figgered it was my dooty to ye onto Bill's ways, and I want the wh house left standin', fur I m myself some day."

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Cobwigger's Repentance.

MRS. DORCAS—I'm so glad I met you, my dear. I was just coming around to see you. By the way, you remember telling me how meanly you were treated by your husband? Well, at the next meeting of our society I put the whole matter plainly before our members, and they decided, as I know you both so intimately, that I should have a private talk with your husband and try to prevail upon him to make your life a little happier.

MRS. COBWIGGER—I hope you will do nothing of the kind.

MRS. DORCAS—But I have already done so, my dear. I know it was a rather ticklish thing to do, but there was a chance of accomplishing so much good, and you know that is the sole aim of our society. After the talk I had with him I will be very much disappointed if he doesn't turn over a new leaf. Haven't you noticed any change in him within the last few days?

MRS. COBWIGGER—Now you mention it, I will tell you something that happened last night. I had grown tired of asking him for pin money, and I was very much surprised when he threw down his paper and introduced the subject.

MRS. DORCAS—I was sure that what I said to him would bear fruit.

MRS. COBWIGGER—Well, as I was saying, he began by apologizing for having skimped me so long, and said it was on account of business troubles, hard times and other things I knew nothing about. "My dear," said he, "it's too late in the season now to think of a sealskin, but if you still desire that new bonnet you spoke of some time ago you may buy it."

MRS. DORCAS—So he really said that! I knew I put your case so plainly to him that he was heartily ashamed of himself.

MRS. COBWIGGER—But that wasn't all. He made me bring out my best dress, and when he looked it over he said he was forced to admit it was rather shabby, and that I could have a new one.

MRS. DORCAS—Our society has been suffering from a lack of funds, in cases where the women in cases of need have felt.